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THE FLAGEOLET; OR, THE COTTAGE BY THE WOOD.

Continued from Page 273.

Mrs. Gertrude rejoiced at meeting her young friend, and the dinner-hour passed. Miss Colville, with a smile, asked Harland his opinion of the young ladies at the Hall. Harland dwelt on their equal merits and accomplishments, without expressing a preference for either. Mrs. Gertrude recollected having been some time acquainted with Lady Manning; and Miss Colville proposed that they should the following day make the family a morning visit. "I will attend you," said Harland, "and by taking a route somewhat circuitous, introduce you to some objects that may furnish employment for your benevolence." Harland was ready at an early hour. Miss Colville observed his eagerness with secret pleasure. "He is impatient," thought she, "to return to the Hall." Breakfast over, he handed the ladies into the carriage, and, mounting his horse, led to the Cottage by the Wood.

Mrs. Willoughby (for she it certainly was) sat pensively reflecting on her yesterday's interview with a stranger, who she now rather feared than hoped would again call. The earnest attention with which he had regarded her poor Amelia had alarmed the mother's fears. She had resolved at once on addressing her sister. The writing materials were placed before her, and she was reviewing the melancholy subject as it passed through her mind; when the widow Dobson, entering with her little bundle of fire-wood, told Amelia "if she would peep from the window, she would see a fine coach, and a marvellous quantity of servants in livery, all going, as she supposed, to Sir William Manning's." Amelia stepped to the window. "They stop," said Amelia, "and a gentleman very much like him who called yesterday has sprung from his horse."—"You had better retire, Amelia," said Mrs. Willoughby. —"Haste, dear child," said Goody Dobson, giving Amelia a gentle thrust, "these men are all deceivers!" Amelia had scarcely reached the inner room, which was, in fact, the bed-chamber, when Harland, having handed the ladies from the carriage, conducted them to the invalid, who tremblingly arose to receive them. Mrs. Gertrude fixed her eyes on the agitated female, and exclaimed "Good God!" then sunk into the arms of Harland, who was conducting her. Betty Dobson instantly set a chair, and Miss Colville, exceedingly alarmed, begged to know what affected her so suddenly. "Look at that lady!" said she, "and wonder not at my emotion. Never—never—did I behold so great a likeness!"—"It is, indeed, astonishing!" cried Miss Colville. "Were I not quite certain, Madam," looking at the invalid, "that her you resemble is long since crumbled into dust, I should question my visual powers."—"Is the resemblance, my ever respected aunt, and once darling sister, recals Maria Willoughby to your remembrance," said the lady, "you see her before you,—happy at finding, that some remaining likeness to what she once was, may contribute to establish her identity, as you appear to have conceived a notion that she has been long dead. Alas!" bursting into tears, "too surely I yet exist,—a devoted prey to sorrow,—a widowed mourner,—an almost broken hearted mother,—poor,—debilitated,—trembling, possibly, on the verge of eter-

nity?" Miss Colville stretched out her arms to embrace her. Every tone of her voice, every feature now in motion, recalled to her memory her long forgotten sister. Harland sent an enquiring eye to the inner apartment, and beheld Betty Dobson assiduously adjusting the much worn habiliments of Amelia. He took her trembling hand, and leading her to Mrs Gertrude, said, "Allow me, Madam, to introduce this young lady to your notice; and as you read resemblances so truly, favour me by saying whose likeness these features exhibit."—"Those of your patroness," she returned. "Say, my dear niece, your counterpart!"—"Sweet girl!" said Miss Colville, "taking her hand from that of Harland, "the storm of adversity has beat hard on the adornments of the fair structure, but these slight injuries can be easily repaired." "But, my sister," turning to Mrs. Willoughby, "this is not the whole of your offspring."—Mrs. Willoughby clasped her hands together, and looked up in silent agony. "My mother, Madam," said Amelia, in a tremulous voice, "cannot converse on that subject."—"We will then defer enquiries for the present," said Miss Colville. "Come, my sister, prepare to go immediately hence."—"Gladly I attend you," said the invalid. "I have a claim on the British Government, to substantiate which may require time. An asylum near you, my kind relations, would be truly desirable." Mrs. Gertrude's heart was too full to allow her to reply, but it spoke in her expressive eye, observing that Mrs. Willoughby privately addressed Betty Dobson, she drew forth her purse, saying, "Take this, my niece, and discharge whatever may be owing to your hostess." Observing that Harland regarded the action with an approving eye, she said, with a smile, "You will know, Sir, that you were ever a favourite with me, but your conduct, on the present occasion, has raised you still higher in my opinion." Harland bowed to the good lady, and Mrs. Willoughby coloured, being now convinced of what she had begun to suspect, that Harland was, indeed, the inmate at Colville House, whom her informant had represented as so injudiciously favoured by her sister. It was now settled that Harland should proceed to Manning Hall, and pay his compliments to the family, communicating the visit that had been meditated, together with the cause that had prevented it. Harland then handed all the ladies into the carriage, which returned to Colville House; and mounting his horse, rode to the mansion of Sir William. The family were gratified by the early renewal of his visit, and each young lady secretly placed it to her own peculiar power of attraction. Harland immediately imparted to Lady Manning the message with which he had been intrusted. But when he mentioned the unexpected arrival of Mrs. Willoughby and her family from India—"Who? what?" exclaimed the knight,—"you cannot surely mean the sister of Miss Colville who formerly married imprudently. I thought it was generally understood that she died."—"She is actually arrived in England," returned Harland.—"And where," asked Sir William, "is the officer, her husband?"—"She is a widow," said Harland.—"And, perhaps, necessitous," said her ladyship.—"Most truly so," returned Harland.—"But," observed the eldest Miss Manning, "Miss Colville is not obliged to receive an imprudent woman, and, perhaps, her whole family."—"She has already done so," replied Harland.—"Indeed?" cried Lady Manning, reddening, "then I hesitate not to say her benevolence is suspected." A silence ensued, but the countenance of each lady betrayed the nature of her feelings. "I am endeavouring," resumed the knight, looking particularly knowing, "to recollect the circumstances attending that marriage. I am almost confident that Mrs. Willoughby was the oldest sister—aye,—and was supposed to have been dead, probably, before Mr. Colville made his last will; and if there were not certain judicious clauses inserted, I am not certain that

Mrs. Willoughby has not the best title to the family estate, particularly if amongst this precious freight of Indians there happens to be a son. Really this event may produce a considerable alteration."—"It may," said each young lady, looking doubtfully.—"And certainly will," said her ladyship, emphatically.—"At present, therefore, I will attend my friend Charles," rejoined Harland, hastily turning, and suppressing a smile of contempt, proceeded to the sick chamber. Charles was in a state of convalescence. He shook his friend by the hand, who related the intelligence that had given such qualms to his family. "Mrs. Willoughby above!" exclaimed Charles, "and at Colville House with her family. The devil she is! Is there ever a delicate brunette amongst them? for, if so, I am pretty well, and can return with you to-morrow.—" At present, said Harland, gravely, "I must insist on your attending to your health." Then bowing him good bye, he descended with expedition to the parlour, where the knight and his lady were sitting by themselves, their daughters having cautiously retired. Harland examined the countenances of the prudent couple, and fancied he read a studied coldness. Not being pressed to stay dinner, he took a polite leave, and returned to Colville House. Reflecting as he pursued his journey on the selfishness of the human heart, he could not exculpate his own. "Why," asked he, "did I not press more cordially my friend Charles to return with me? I will not, just now agitate the question,—but will guard in future against a temper, which, if indulged, would lead only to self gratification."

To be continued.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

BY HANS HELLBROTH.

I HAVE heard it said,—and they were no fools who said it,—that the romance of life was over, that the days of adventure were gone by; but how can this be, when so many volumes, quarto, octavo, and duodecimo, give the lie direct to the assertion? Every body now has his adventures; and they who cannot find monsters at home, contrive to make them in a twelvemonth's tour on the continent. There is no fatigue that a genuine tourist will not endure for the sake of talking of it afterwards, and if he is not lucky enough to meet with any robbers, he is sure to hear of them, which answers his purpose every jot as well; nay, I once had a friend, who, having travelled a whole year to no purpose, flung himself in despair into the English river Thames, but by some singular accident swam to shore instead of sinking, and afterwards wrote a pretty account,—a very pretty account indeed, of his drowning and subsequent recovery to life. For my own part, however, I have been more fortunate; without stirring a step beyond my native city, I have encountered dangers enough to make a decent quarto, allowing the usual quantity of margin. In good truth I may say that no one has *suffered* more for his country than myself, and I have no doubt that you will agree with me that all the terrors which have ever terrified poor human nature, whether by ghost or gunpowder, dirk or devil, are mere jokes to what I endured on that dreadful day when Vienna was bombarded by the French,—the horrible French!—the grinning, grimacing,—chattering, swearing,—cringing, dancing,—frog-eating, man-killing, French!—But to my story.

This bombardment of Vienna took place in the year 1809, on the 11th of May, at the hour of nine—exactly to a minute. I want no memorandum to recollect the date: it cleaves to my memory like the first whipping I received at school, and now it is my *anno domini*,—the centre-point to which I refer all the past, present, and future transactions of my life. Nor will you, my kind friends, wonder at it, when you have heard my story; oh, it will make your hearts ache and your eyes run over! It is, indeed, almost too terrible for belief: posterity will hardly credit the tale: I shall be

called a Trenck, a Tott, a Bruce, a Munchausen; but, indeed, I only speak the truth, and that too with becoming modesty; Cæsar himself did not tell his tale with greater candour; and again, I boldly say that no one has *suffered* more for his native land than I have done.

When, in the Spring of 1809, Napoleon Buonaparte had advanced as far as Lintz with the whole of the French army, my worthy friends and fellow patriots began to have fears for the city of Vienna, or,—to speak it more correctly,—for themselves in the city of Vienna; for as to the imperial brick and mortar, that was a trifling consideration. I, as in duty bound, being a colonel of volunteers, endeavoured to comfort them, and bade them take courage, though in simple verity I did not then know what courage was: when, however, on the 10th of May, the Duke of Monte Bello appeared before Vienna, I soon learnt what it was not, and that knowledge was at least worth the other half of the mystery. I felt a cold shudder creep over me at the sight of the Frenchmen, and I had very little difficulty in bringing over reason to the side of fear; "Is there not danger?" quoth Fear; "Very great," replied Reason; "Is man," continued Fear, "educated, clothed, and fattened, at so much expence of time, labour, and money, only to be shot down like an old crow after all?" Would not any lean, ignorant, ragged rascal be just as good food for powder, besides being a great saving to the nation?"—"Certainly," replied Reason—and certainly Reason was in the right: nobody shall persuade me that I have cost myself and my mother so much pain, only to be exposed to the discretion of a bullet—a creature that is proverbial for the want of discretion—a beast that makes no distinction of persons, and would as soon kill a prince as a peasant. Oh, this thing is not to be thought of, it is not good, it is not fit, it is abominable.

With this conviction, it may be easily supposed, I had no violent desire for fighting, though the enemy were Frenchmen; it was true, that I heartily hated the whole race of them, but then we are not bound to cut the throat of every man who does not happen to be to our taste. And yet what was to be done? As a colonel of volunteers, I could not handsomely run away from my men; and indeed, there was much more fear than the lean slaves would run away from me, for my legs carried four times the load of any given pair in the whole regiment, and therefore were likely to be four times as slow in a retreat. Then, too, if by any extraordinary chance they should stand firm, my plight would not be a jot the better; with my rotundity of person I should be a bull's eye to the target, and every gun would be aimed at me, escape would be impossible.

Such were my reflections in the hungry interval between the laying of the cloth and the serving up of dinner, that tedious prologue which all cooks contrive to make as long as possible. This day too I thought it was longer than usual; but at last the fish made its appearance; it was a fine carp, and I had just tasted enough to be able to say so much without the imputation of rashness, when in bounced my cousin David with the words, "the enemy will attack us this evening."

The carp turned to wormwood in my mouth; never in my life had I eaten so bitter a morsel, and though few had ever suspected me of being a conjuror, yet now I had the faculty of second sight, and of second *hearing* too, in full perfection.

> And coming events cast their shadows before.

I saw the glitter of the French bayonets, and heard the din of the French muskets, though all the time there was neither bayonet nor musket within five miles of the city. But evening came, and with it came both the one and the other, when by a strange perversion of things I could neither see nor hear distinctly: still, where my safety was concerned, I had a natural instinct which answered all the purposes of reason, and I clearly felt that it would never do to stay at home and

receive a domiciliary visit from the bombs and balls; for, in the first place, I reckoned that my quarter would be the chief point of attack; and, secondly, I held that any one's cellar would be much more convenient on the present occasion than my own attics, where the bullets would tumble fresh from the air.

All Vienna was now confusion,—dogs barking, children squalling, women crying, and men swearing,—but by this time I had acquired inconceivable prescence of mind, for while every body else was running without any definite object, I knew perfectly well which way I was going. With more speed than I had before thought my legs were capable of, I posted off to the opposite side of the city on a visit to my cousin Joseph, or rather to my cousin Joseph's cellar, which at this moment was to me the dearest spot on earth. I thought it, however, more civil to make himself the ostensible cause of my coming, in which I believe that I only follow the fashion of most guests, whose visits are, generally speaking, less to the host than to his wine-butts.

With my cousin I found a stranger, who, by his pale face, evidently had an eye to the cellar as well as myself. He had on a blue coat, and wore at his side a sabre of most terrific dimensions; if it had not been for the newness of his garments I should have supposed him to be a poet, for he was as thin as a paper-knife, and, with the green feathers in his hat, looked prodigiously like an eel set upon its tail, and its head stuck with fennel. But poet or not, I felt he was, like myself, a coward;—and why should I be ashamed to own myself of that numerous fraternity? Cowardice may be a misfortune, but it cannot be a vice; valour is as much a gift of Heaven as the genius for poetry or painting, and if a man have it not by nature he will never acquire it by education: you cannot whip courage into a boy like the classics. But I am far from thinking cowardice a vice; on the contrary, I deem it a virtue of the highest order, a sort of necessary coward, without which [illegible] for eight-and-forty hours; if all men were Cæsars, the world would be too hot to hold them. Nor do I at all regret that I belong to the cement of society, but rather am thankful to dame Nature for having been so economical to me in the article of courage; I shall live twenty years the longer for her discretion on this score, and twenty years of life are worth having to a man who eats three hundred and sixty-five good dinners in the course of the twelve months, not forgetting a suitable accompaniment of wine, ale, and brandy. Besides, I am no friend to killing any more than I am to being killed; let those who think otherwise follow their own inclination; I have not the slightest objection to their stabbing, slashing, shooting, or otherwise slaying, any one, provided that one be not myself; but let them in return leave to me my whole skin,—a necessary article of clothing which indisputably belongs to myself, and myself only. The subject, however, is inexhaustible, and I must perforce leave that, as I left my cousin Joseph, to look after my troop of heroes.

With this view I set off for the North Gate, and my step was as light as if I had been marching to a feast, so much had my courage risen with the certainty of a snug retreat in my cousin's cellar. Scarcely had I got over half the ground, when the stranger with the pale face was at my elbow.

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be firm," replied the pale-face; "it is not a trifle that can shake it; but for a poor, meagre, lath-and-plaster devil like myself,—why the very sneezing of an enemy would upset me."

"Sir, Sir, be thankful to Heaven that you occupy so little space in the world; nothing but chance could ever direct a ball to an object so invisible; and, if it should, the breath of the ball would knock you down long before the lead itself could reach you."

The pale-face was nettled at this remark; he began to grow personal, but I had an instinctive knowledge that he was more afraid than myself, and accordingly gave my hat the defying cock, and said,—"It is your good luck that I have other and more important business on my hands, or here should be my answer."

With this I touched my sword significantly, and strutted off into another street in the hope of getting rid of him. Still I had some fear that he might follow me, and did not venture to look over my shoulder lest his pale face should be grinning there. Thanks, however, to my guardian saint, and my own admirable presence of mind, I got out of this troublesome business without any other injury than a little ruffling of the spirits.

To be concluded in our next.

THE ONE-HANDED FLUTE-PLAYER, OF ARQUES, IN NORMANDY.

HAVING strolled through the greater part of Normandy, eaten my fill of apples in the orchards which skirt its level highways, and drunk cider to my heart's content at the village inns, I found myself, on a fine evening in October, fast approaching the term of my pilgrimage—the above-said village of Arques. I left Dieppe behind me, reposing in the mixture of simple-dullness and diminutive bustle of those little amphibious towns, which seem exactly to belong to sea or land, or which are rather common to both. As I struck into the fields I heard the murmur of the tide-rush mixed with the flowing of the tide,—a Brighton packet was nearing the harbour, with its cargo of curiosity, and, perhaps, care. Another had just sailed for England, freighted with joyous hopes of home and happiness, and no doubt with many a feeling of travelled triumph and importance. There was a fine breeze which, to these little vessels running so close up to the wind, answered very well for either passage;—so I turned my back upon the sea, quite at ease for each buoyant adventurer.

On clearing the town we come immediately into the valley of Arques, and enter on the scene of the celebrated battle fought in September, 1589.

Rising above the trees which envelope the village on the right, the ruins of the castle cut in the eye, and the vividness with which the scene of upwards of two centuries gone was brought before us, is checked by the sudden view of the once crumbling fragments of the more powerful fortress—that strong-hold from whose embrasures the Huguenot cannon did, but days before execution on the forces of the League. The illusion lasts no longer. The hand of Time is felt to be more powerful than the touch of Fancy, and we sink into the contemplation of the sober reality around us.

I wound my way up the eminence on which its old towers totter to decay; and, passing under the broken archway which received the triumphant Henry after his victory, and then tracing the rugged path which marks the grand approach, I got on the summit of the mound that forms the basement of the vast expanse of building. The immense extent of these ruins gives a fine feeling of human grandeur and mortal littleness; and the course of reflection is hurried on as the eye wanders over the scenery around. This may be described in one sentence, as the resting place on which a gaiety mind might prepare for its flight to virtue.

While I stood musing "in the open air, where the sweet comes and goes like the warbling of music," and neither wished nor wanted other mu-

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* Lord Bacon's Essays.

denly, the soft sounds of a flute came faintly towards me, breathing a tone of such peculiar and melting expression as I thought I had never before heard. Having for some time listened in great delight, a sudden pause ensued; the strain then changed from sad to gay, not abruptly, but ushered by a running cadence that gently lifted the soul from its langour, and thrilled through every fibre of feeling. It recalled to me at the instant the fables of Pan, and every other rustic serenader; and I thought of the passage in Smith's "Nymphoiept," where Amarynthus, in his enthusiasm, fancies he hears the pipe of that sylvan deity.

I descended the hill towards the village in a pace lively and free as the measure of the music which impelled me. When I reached the level ground, and came into the straggling street, the warblings ceased. It seemed as though enchantment had lured me to its favourite haunt. The Gothic church on my right assorted well with the architecture of the scattered houses around. On every hand a portico, a frieze, ornaments carved in stone, coats of arms and fretwork, stamped the place with an air of antiquity and nobleness, while groups of tall trees formed a decoration of verdant yet solemn beauty.

A few peasant women were sitting at the doors of their respective habitations, as misplaced, I thought, as beggars in the porch of a palace; while half a dozen children gambolled in the grass plat in the middle of the open place. I sought in vain among these objects to discover the musician, and not wishing to disturb my pleased emotions by common-place questionings, I wandered about, looking in a sort of semi-romantic mood at every antiquated restaurat. Fronting the church, and almost close to its western side, an arched entrance caught my particular attention, from its old yet perfect workmanship; and I stopped to examine it, throwing occasional glances through the trellis-work in the middle of the gate, which gave a view of a court-yard and house within. Part of the space in front was arranged in squares of garden; and a venerable old man was busily employed in watering some flowers. A nice young woman stood beside him, with a child in her arms; two others were playing near her; and close at hand was a man, about thirty years of age, who seemed to contemplate the group with a complacent smile. His figure was in part concealed from me; but he observed me, and immediately left the others and walked down the gravel path to accost me. I read his intention in his looks, and stood still. As he advanced from his concealed position, I saw that his left leg was a wooden one—his right was the perfect model of Apollonic grace. His right arm was courteously waved towards me—his left was wanting. He was bare-headed, and his curled brown hair shewed a forehead that Spurzheim would have almost worshipped. His features were all of manly beauty. His mustachios, military jacket, and tight pantaloon with red edging, told that he was not "curtailed of man's fair proportion" by any vulgar accident of life; and the cross of honour suspended to his button-hole, finished the brief abstract of his history.

A short interlocution, consisting of apology on my part and invitation on his, ended in my accompanying him towards the house; and, as I shifted from his left side to his right, to offer one of my arms to his *only* one, I saw a smile on the countenance of his pretty wife, and another on that of his old father, and my good footing with the family was secured. We entered the hall—a large bleak anti-room, with three or four old portraits mouldering on the walls, joined to each other by a cobweb tapestry and unaccompanied by other ornament. We then passed to the right, into a spacious chamber, which was once, no doubt, the gorgeously decorated withdrawing-room of some proudly-titled occupier. The nobility of its present tenant is of a different kind, and its furniture confined to two or three tables, twice as many chairs, a corner cupboard, and a *secretaire*. A Spanish guitar was suspended to a

hook over the Gothic marble mantlepiece; a fiddle lay on one table, and fixed to the edge of the other was a sort of wooden vice, into which was screwed a flute, of concert size, with three finger holes and eleven brass keys, but of a construction sufficient to puzzle Monzani.

It is useless to make a mystery of what the reader has already divined: my one-legged, one-armed host was the owner of this complicated machine, and the performer on it, whose wonderful tone and execution had caused me so much pleasure. But what will he said when I tell the astonished, but perhaps incredulous public, that his "good right-hand" was the sole and simple one that bored and polished the wood, turned the keys and the ivory which united the joints, and accomplished the entire arrangement of an instrument unrivalled, I must believe, in ingenuity and perfection.

Being but an indifferent musician, and worse mechanic, I shall not attempt minutely to describe the peculiarities of the music or the management of the flute, as the maker and performer ran over, with his four miraculous fingers, some of the most difficult solos in Verne's and Berbiguier's compositions, which lay on the table before him. Nothing could be more true, more tasteful, or more surprising, than was his composition nothing more picturesque or interesting than his figure, as he bent down to the instrument as if in devotion to his art. I listened for more than an hour as his mellow and silvery tones were echoed from the lofty walls of his chamber, and returned by vibrations from the guitar, which seemed as much delighted as myself, for it "discoursed most eloquent music."

This extraordinary man is a half-pay colonel in the French service, though a German by birth. His limbs received their summary amputation by two quick-sent cannon shots at the battle of Dresden I believe. Since he was disabled, he has lived in his present retirement,

——"passing rich on fifty pounds a year;"

and happy is it for him that Nature endowed him with a tasteful and mechanical mind rare combinations, while Art furnished him with that knowledge of music, without which his life would have been a burden. I do not consider myself at liberty to enter into the minutiæ of his eventful story, which he told with a *naïveté* and candour enough to have charmed a second Desdemona. But with regard to his flute-playing, he actually brought the moisture into my eyes by the touching manner in which he recounted his despair on discovering that he had lost his arm—the leg was in comparison a worthless and unregretted member. It needs not to be told that he was an enthusiast in music; and when he believed himself thus deprived of the best enjoyment of his life, he was almost distracted. In the feverish sleep, snatched at intervals from suffering, he used constantly to dream that he was listening to delicious concerts, in which he was, as he had been wont, a principal performer. Strains of more than earthly harmony seemed sometimes floating round him, and his own flute was ever the leading instrument.

Frequently, at moments of the greatest delight, some of the inexplicable machinery of dreams went wrong. One of those sylphs, perhaps, the lovely imaginings of Baxter's fanciful theory, had snapt the cord that strung his visioned joys. He awoke in ecstacy: the tones vibrated for a while upon his brain; but, recalled to sensation by a union of bodily pain and mental agony, his inefficient stump gave the lie direct to all his dreamy paradise, and the gallant and mutilated soldier wept like an infant for whole hours together! He might make a fortune, I think, if he would visit England and appear as a public performer; but his pride forbids this, and he remains at Arques, to shew to any visitor unusual proof of talent, ingenuity, and philosophy. G.

THE WHALE FISHERY.

Captain Scoresby's interesting work on the Arctic Regions, independent of the useful information it conveys, contains a variety of anecdotes respecting the dangers to which the individuals engaged in the whale fishery are exposed. These dangers arise from three sources, viz.—from the ice, from the climate, and from the whales themselves. The following are the most prominent instances, related of each description of peril:—

"The crew of one of the Hull whalers having, a few days ago, killed a fish by the side of an ice-berg, Davis' Straits, the fins were lashed together, and the tail secured to a boat, in the usual way, but by the efforts only of one boat's crew; all the other boats belonging to the same ship, being engaged in the capture of two more whales, neither of which were yet subdued. This circumstance occasioned some altercation among the crew of the boat, as to the propriety of their remaining by the dead whale, or of quitting it, and proceeding in an empty boat, which was at hand, to the assistance of their companions. The latter measure was carried; but as it was deemed expedient that one man should remain in the boat, to which none of them would consent, they were under the necessity of either remaining in idleness by the fish, or leaving the fish and boat by themselves. But every one being anxious to participate in the more active exercises of the fishery, they at length agreed unanimously to quit the boat connected with the dead fish, and to proceed to the aid of their comrades. The arrangements were just accomplished in time; for they had not rowed many fathoms from the place, before a tremendous crash of the *berg* ensued,—an immense mass of ice fell upon the boat they had just quitted, and neither it nor the fish were ever seen afterwards."

"On the commencement of a heavy gale of wind, May 11, 1813, fourteen men put off in a boat from the Volunteer of Whitby, with the view of setting an anchor in a large piece of ice, to which it was their intention of mooring the ship. The ship approached on a signal being made, the sails were clewed up, and the rope fixed to the anchor; but the ice shivering with the violence of the strain when the ship fell astern, the anchor flew out, and the ship went adrift. The sails being again set, the ship was reached to the eastward (wind at north), the distance of about two miles; but in attempting to wear and return, the ship, instead of performing the evolution, scudded a considerable distance to leeward, and was then reached out to sea; thus leaving fourteen of her crew to a fate the most dreadful, the fulfilment of which seemed almost inevitable. The temperature of the air was 15° or 16° of Fahr. when these poor wretches were left upon a detached piece of ice, of no considerable magnitude, without food, without shelter from the inclement storm, and deprived of every means of refuge except in a single boat, which, on account of the number of men and violence of the storm, was incapable of conveying them to their ship. Death stared them in the face whichever way they turned, and a division of opinion ensued. Some were wishful to remain by the ice, but the ice could afford them no shelter from the piercing wind, and would probably be soon broken to pieces by the increasing swell; others were anxious to attempt to join their ship while she was yet in sight, but the force of the wind, the violence of the sea, the smallness of the boat in comparison of the number of men to be conveyed, were objections which would have appeared utterly insurmountable to any person but men in a state of despair. Judging that, by remaining on the ice, death was but retarded for a few hours, as the extreme cold must eventually benumb their faculties, and invite a sleep which would overcome the remains of animation, they determined on making the attempt of rowing to their ship. Poor souls, what must have been their sensations at this moment,—when the spark of hope

yet remaining was so feeble, that a premature death even to themselves seemed inevitable. They made the daring experiment, when a few minutes trial convinced them that the attempt was utterly impracticable. They then, with longing eyes, turned their efforts towards recovering the ice they had left, but their utmost exertions were unavailing. Every one now viewed his situation as desperate; and anticipated, as certain, the fatal event which was to put a period to his life. How great must have been their delight, and how overpowering their sensations, when at this most critical juncture a ship appeared in sight! She was advancing directly towards them; their voices were extended, and their flag displayed. But although it was impossible they should be heard, it was not impossible they should be seen. Their flag was descried by the people on board the ship, their mutual courses were so directed as to form the speediest union, and in a few minutes they found themselves on the deck of the Lively, of Whitby, under circumstances of safety! They received from their townsmen the warmest congratulations; and while each individual was forward in contributing his assistance towards the restoration of their benumbed bodies, each appeared sensible that their narrow escape from death was highly providential. 'The forbearance of God is wonderful. Perhaps these very men, a few hours before, were impiously invoking their own destruction, or venting imprecations upon their fellow-beings.' True it is, that the goodness of the Almighty extendeth over all his works, and that while 'Mercy is his darling attribute,'—'Judgment is his strange work.'"

"The Dutch ship Gort-Moolen, commanded by Cornelius Gerard Ouwekaas, with a cargo of seven fish, was anchored in Greenland in the year 1666. The captain, perceiving a whale a-head of his ship, beckoned his attendants, and threw himself into a boat. He was the first to approach the whale; and was fortunate enough to harpoon it before the arrival of the second boat, which was on the advance. Jacques Vienkes, who had the direction of it, joined his captain immediately afterwards, and prepared to make a second attack on the fish, when it should remount again to the surface. At the moment of its ascension, the boat of Vienkes happening unfortunately to be perpendicularly above it, was so suddenly and forcibly lifted up by a stroke of the head of the whale, that it was dashed to pieces before the harpooner could discharge his weapon. Vienkes flew along with the pieces of the boat, and fell upon the back of the animal. This intrepid seaman, who still retained his weapon in his grasp, harpooned the whale on which he stood; and, by means of the harpoon and the line, which he never abandoned, he steadied himself firmly upon the fish, notwithstanding his hazardous situation, and regardless of a considerable wound that he received in his leg, in his fall along with the fragments of the boat. All the efforts of the other boats to approach the whale, and deliver the harpooner, were futile. The captain, not seeing any other mode of saving his unfortunate companion, who was in some way entangled with the line, called to him to cut it with his knife, and betake himself to swimming. Vienkes, embarrassed and disconcerted as he was, tried in vain to follow his counsel. His knife was in the pocket of his drawers; and, being unable to support himself with one hand, he could not get it out. The whale, meanwhile, continued advancing along the surface of the water with great rapidity, but fortunately never attempted to dive. While his comrades despaired of his life, the harpoon by which he held, at length disengaged itself from the body of the whale. Vienkes being then liberated did not fail to take advantage of this circumstance; he cast himself into the sea, and, by swimming, endeavoured to regain the boats which continued the pursuit of the whale. When his shipmates perceived him struggling with the waves, they redoubled their exertions. They reached him just as his strength was ex-

hausted, and had the happiness of rescuing this adventurous harpooner from his perilous situation."

ALCHEMY.

Among the superstitions of the barbarous ages the one which survived the longest, and obtained the most general credence, was Alchemy, or the transmutation of inferior metals into gold. The cause of this lengthened and universal belief may be easily traced to those feelings of our nature which so frequently convert wishes into hopes, and lead us to infer that circumstances which must tend to our advantage are as probable as they are desirable.

That the alchemists possessed a certain portion of useful knowledge cannot be doubted. Mr. Brande, who has ably traced the history of chemistry from its rude and empirical origin until the present era, says that the works ascribed to Geber contain matter that well justifies the praise of Boerhaave, who considers him as a first-rate philosopher of his age. But the secrecy which the alchemists affected, repelled improvement: almost every discovery died with its inventor. Until the triumphant chariot of Antimony rolled forth, and the bold but credulous physicians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries borrowed the powerful materia medica which they found in the laboratory, by which they discomfited the followers of Galen, the chemistry of Hermes had scarcely produced any practical benefit in the higher pursuits of science. And the assistance which some of its preparations afforded to a few branches of the arts, was accomplished rather by accident than by intention. Mr. Brande observes that

"The transmutation of baser metals into gold and silver, which was the chief, and, in most cases, the only object of the genuine alchemists was not merely regarded as possible, but believed to have been performed, by some of the most enlightened chemists of the seventeenth century; and in perusing the history of these transmutations, as recorded by Helvetius, Boerhaave, Boyle, and other sober-minded men, it would be difficult to resist the evidence adduced without the aids of modern science. Lord Bacon's sound sense has been arraigned from his belief in alchemy, though he in fact rather urges the possibility than the probability of transmutation; and, considering the infant state of the experimental sciences, and of chemistry in particular, in his age, and the plausible exterior of the phenomena that the chemists were able to produce, he is rather to be considered as sceptical than credulous, upon many of the points which he discusses."

According to the traditions of the alchemists, the first gold coined in England after the conquest was produced by *projection*. Raymond Lully, the Catalan, who visited this country in the reign of Edward I., created the gold which was stamped in the rose-noble of that monarch; and the image of the sun surmounted by the mystical flower, as well as the inscription impressed on the obverse, "Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat," must, according to the adepts, be considered as denoting the art which formed the precious metal. Raymond was hospitably received by Abbot Cremer in the Abbey of Westminster, and many years after his decease, a little chest, filled with the powder of transmutation, was found in the cell which he had inhabited. His principal domicile, however, appears to have been in St. Katherine's Hospital, where he wrote his last will and testament, which he dedicated to King Edward. Without doubt Raymond Lully chose this residence on account of its convenient contiguity to the Tower of London, in which he carried on the process. At one operation alone we are told that he changed fifty thousand pounds weight of quicksilver, lead, and tin, into pure gold; and according to credible authorities he furnished his Majesty's Mint, first and last, with bullion to the amount of six millions sterling. It appears from the last will and testament of Abbot Cremer, who introduced the Philosopher

to the Monarch, that at length he refused to make any more money for King Edward. Lully, who was a worthy man, only granted the subsidy upon condition that it should be employed in making war upon infidels and unbelievers; whereas the King thought he was performing his part of the treaty with equal advantage to Christendom by spending the supplies in making war upon the Scots. In consequence of this dispute King Edward waxed wroth, and, as Ashmole saith, he ungratefully confined Lully in the Tower of London, where he remained a long time, until at length he made his escape in the disguise of a leper. Friar Raymond, if he had been kept in good humour, would have changed all the stock in trade of the "Braziers of Lothbury" into pure gold, and the nation might have dispensed with the aid of the Hermetic professors, who, of late years, have effected far more wondrous transmutations in and about the same neighbourhood. How far Philip de Willoughby, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the year 1313, when Raymond Lully was lost in this kingdom, deserved impeachment for his negligence, cannot be well ascertained at this distance of time; yet it is very clear that a little more attention would have saved a world of trouble to his successors in that high office.

Frederick III. Emperor of Germany, caused a medal to be struck of the gold produced by an alchemical operation, which was performed in his presence by a quack of the name of Richthausen. Frederick was so well satisfied, that he granted letters of nobility to the adept, and called him up amongst the Barons of the Holy Roman Empire by the appropriate style of "Baron of Chaos." Such a fief was worth a fortune, and accordingly wherever he went, the Baron of Chaos met with capital success. At the court of the Elector of Mayence he offered to effect a transmutation, for which purpose he produced a small portion of the matter of projection, in shape and size like a lentil. The powder had been mixed up with gum tragacanth, for the purpose, as he said, of binding it, and then again the pellet was enveloped in wax. The Elector was desired to put it, together with four ounces of quicksilver, in a crucible, which was afterwards covered with charcoal. The Elector and the Baron of Chaos—we like to repeat his title—then blew the fire lustily—or, as Monconnis expresses their diligence, "ils commencèrent à souffler d'importance"—and at the expiration of half an hour the crucible was taken from the furnace, and the Baron poured out the molten gold. The liquid metal appeared of a bright red, and the Baron exclaimed that its touch was too high—it must be lowered by the addition of silver. The Elector threw in a bar of silver, and after a second fusion the metal was cast in an ingot. It was very pure, but rather brittle. The Baron of Chaos easily accounted for this defect,—some particle of tin probably adhered to the ingot mould, but a third fusion would remove the alloy.—This was done at the mint, and the gold then became exceedingly ductile; "and the mint master told his Serene Highness that he had never seen such fine gold, and that its touch was *more* than twenty-four carats." Monconnis tells the story in the words of the Elector, and it is evident that both of them believed that a real transmutation had taken place.

Less fortunate than the Baron of Chaos was an alchemist of the name of John Henry Muller, who originally practised as a barber in Alsace, his native province. The court of the Emperor Rodolph, a munificent patron of the occult sciences, offered great temptations to adventurers of this description, and Muller's management of the Emperor was so satisfactory, that he obtained large presents. He was exalted into the caste of nobility and his humble surname of "Muller," or "Miller," was judiciously expanded into the title of "Baron of Muhlenfels," "The Rock of the Mill." After many adventures the Baron Muhlenfels arrived at Stutgard. Duke Frederick of Wirtemberg was as ardent an alchemist as the Emperor, and the

Baron performed many transmutations with great success. The Duke poured the metals into the crucible, the doors of the laboratory were locked and sealed, and on the following morning the amalgam of lead and mercury was found richly impregnated with gold. Another operation, performed in the Castle of Reidlingen, had the same result. The Baron of Mühlenfels was enabled to effect the first transmutation by the help of a confederate concealed in a chest which was supposed to contain chemical apparatus; and at Reidlingen the same useful agent found his way through a vault. But the Baron was not allowed to enjoy his credit in peace, for now the far-famed Sandivogius made his appearance at Stutgard. Sandivogius, a real Polish nobleman, was universally considered as the greatest alchemist and magician of the age. The two adepts were placed in a dramatic situation, which would be ludicrous enough were it not for the catastrophe. The Baron of Mühlenfels was a credulous rogue, and, conscious that he was an impostor, he was dreadfully perplexed by the presence of a rival whom he verily believed to be a true master of the occult sciences. By insinuating to Sandivogius, (whose conscience was probably not very clear, and who seems to have been equally apprehensive of coming into contact with any genuine Sage, that the Duke intended to put him to the torture for the purpose of obtaining the secret, the Baron induced him to run away from Stutgard. Mühlenfels then contrived to arrest the adept in his road, by virtue of a feigned order. Sandivogius was thrown into a dungeon by a village judge, Mühlenfels took possession of his property, which was very considerable, and the unlucky alchemist was nearly killed by the severities which the false brother inflicted upon him, in order to compel him to disclose the mysteries of the art; for, as we have observed before, Mühlenfels never doubted but that Sandivogius possessed the philosopher's stone. Sandivogius at length escaped from his prison, and accused the Baron before the Imperial tribunal. Mühlenfels was found guilty of robbery, and condemned to die. He begged earnestly to be beheaded, but the favour was not granted—he was hanged on an iron gallows, which the Duke of Wirtemberg had erected some time before for the punishment of a similar impostor; and, as an emblem of his crime, he was dressed in a garment covered with leaf gold.

THE CHURCHWARDEN.

"Authority intoxicates,
And make mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invades the brain,
And makes men giddy, proud, and vain."

That little gentleman in the dark wig! oh, that is the Churchwarden. People may say what they will about dignity and office, but there are few men of more consequence in his way than the being who now walks before us. If the church-yard wall should need repair, it hands a gentleman's name down absolutely to remote posterity, since of course it must be cut on a large stone—"This wall was repaired in the year 1822—Abraham Salt, and Peter Twist, *Churchwardens.*" The last word does the business; and who amongst us but has known some country cousin, after reckoning the feats of his ancestors in various ways, end with, "and then there was my great grandfather, who was churchwarden of the parish in 1707?" In London, however, the office in question does not confer half the amount of honour that it does in a country town. In the former, the people see and hear so much of *great men* of all sorts, that they really do not entertain a common respect for name, and rank, and office. But in the primitive spots about a hundred miles from the metropolis, the case is very different indeed; and it is worthy of notice, how much less respect is generally paid to men in London, compared with the honours that await the same class in the country. For this time we take the *Churchwarden* as an example.

He wears rather a broad-brimmed hat and a straight brown coat, with large buckles in his shoes, and ca-

ries a silver-headed cane. He is one of the *warmest* men in the town, and distributes the charity bread on a Sunday. He usually looks into the Lancasterian school-room before church in the afternoon, and the boys all get up as he enters and make their bow to him. All the poor men of the parish touch their hats when they meet him, and he sometimes condescends to say, "Well, John, and d'ye work for Farmer Nicholas now?" That's a condescension indeed; and John feels it to be so, and fails not to tell his wife in the evening that the churchwarden spoke to him.

There is a particular and official pew in the church for our friend, with extra sized books in it, handsomely bound. Sometimes during the service he has been seen to have his eyes on the "Golden Numbers," and at other times to have them shut; but that's after dinner, and particularly when he has partaken of his favourite Sunday-joint, with the accompaniment of a glass of brandy after it, for divers cogent reasons. He holds the plate on collection days at the church-door; makes his best move to the landlord of the manor, and smiles through his wrinkles at the young ladies of his acquaintance, as they smirkingly pass him. He reads the "Parish-Officer's Guide," and talks over the law with his shopman, who tells him he ought to be a justice of the peace.

The *Churchwarden* very frequently takes "the chair" at parish meetings; and is a considerable man in the vestry, where he is well known for the peculiar style of his oratory—a speaker who does not exactly conform to the usual rules of language—but who contrives to "snatch a grace beyond the rules of art:" true, that he sometimes raises a laugh by the quaintness of his diction; but he has that rich and rare quality for a public speaker—confidence: and this he possesses in so enviable a degree, that he is never abashed, all kinds of sarcasm and unearthliness failing to disturb his tranquility and composure. He would have done admirably well for a Court of Aldermen.

The parson of the parish is a jealous preserver of his rights, privileges, and immunities—and so is the *Churchwarden*: the latter will never abate one iota of his dignity, or compromise the honour of his office. Accordingly the two worthies went to loggerheads not long since on a question of right, viz. who had power to permit the bells of the parish to be rung? Of course the case was submitted to a learned civilian, and the only thing gained was, the fee to the counsel; as the people had no ringing for a long time—not till the contending parties had been slipt into the noose of harmony again by the interference of *mutual friends*. These latter beings are extremely convenient when the belligerents are sick of contesting about straws, and yet ashamed of holding out the olive-branch.

But to our CHURCHWARDEN: he is very fond of rum-punch, and affects to be a connoisseur in Port wine. It would not be right to say any thing of his liberality, because there is an old saying, "As charitable as a churchwarden;" and it would be shewing no respect for an ancient axiom to seek its controversion; but he is not sparing of good advice to his neighbours and reprehension to the parish paupers. The officer before us is a zealous guardian of the church-walls; and has already prevented the boys from irreverently playing fives against one end of the sacred pile. He has got a copy of the New Marriage Act, and intends to see what he has to do with its provisions: it will be well if he understands it, since the civilians are so much at variance on the question; but our country churchwarden takes the common Scotch snuff, and that is a fine sharpener of the wits.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF A MURDER.

THE following is an extract of a recent letter from Novogorod:—"What I am now going to relate to you might almost pass rather for the fiction of some idle brain, than for a real event, and yet the truth of it is well known, and attested by respectable authority. A nobleman in this province being out

meeting with several other noblemen perceived in a forest a bear, with a muzzle on, tied to a tree; the animal appeared to be very tame, and by his wailings indicated that something particular was the matter with him. The nobleman gave orders to untie him from the tree, on which the bear, led by a countryman, with a rope, immediately ran to a neighbouring spot, and began very eagerly to scatch up the ground; the creature only wanted language to show that something which nearly concerned him was here buried. The possibility of this was evident to the nobleman, and he ordered his people to dig up the spot pointed out by the bear, which consisted of very loose earth. To the no little astonishment and horror of all present, they soon found two dead bodies covered with blood, which appeared to have been recently interred, whose wounds the bear, with a lamentable howling, began to lick, making the persons who stood around understand, by a very singular look, that they should remove the bodies. They made a bier of young trees, on which they laid the bodies, to convey them to the next village. The bear, still led by a peasant, goes first, and seems to follow like a dog, a scent that he has of the murderers of his masters. He is suffered to take his own way; and they soon reach a village on the skirts of the forest, when he halts at the door of a cottage, and his former wailing is changed to a dreadful roaring. This induces the nobleman to call together the male inhabitants, and place them in certain order, thinking, perhaps, by the help of the bear to discover the murderers, as of course all deny any knowledge of the deed. The people belonging to the hut, before which the bear stopped, also came up from another side, and scarcely had they, according to the nobleman's desire, placed themselves with the others, when the bear, with a dreadful howl, rushed upon two tall fellows, whom only the animal's muzzle saved from his fury. He was removed from them by force, but the persons so singularly accused were immediately subjected to a strict examination. They confessed all; the two bear-leaders, who had money about them, had been murdered by them in the forest, and hastily buried; the hunting horn of the party having made them fly precipitately, leaving the bear tied to the tree, by which the discovery of the murder was effected in a manner almost incredible, and the criminals were delivered into the hands of justice, and will be brought to the punishment which they so justly deserve."

POETRY.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

As the revolving wheel of Time draws near
The chilling exit of the short'ning year,
Be mine the task to sing in humble lays
Great Nature's beauties through her varied maze;
Now, whilst bright Autumn ling'ring casts around
Her last warm glow, with golden beauties crown'd,
Whilst yet green verdure waits destruction's call,
I'll sing her glories as I weep her fall.

Now has bleak Boreas, from his cold domain,
Swept through the woods, and whistled through the plain;
A darker verdure clothes the withering mead,
And all the smiling scenes of life are fled.
With heavy groans, behold the aged trees
Bend their high summits to the moun-breeze;

Strip'd of their mantle by the furious wind,
Their yellow leaves descend, to dust consign'd.

The babbling rills now rudely burst their bounds,
Rolling impetuous o'er the neighbouring grounds,
Clear for themselves a new and trackless bed,
And scatter devastation as they spread.
The low'ring tempest, scowling o'er the plain,
Bears on its wing a mingled sleet and rain;
Whilst the tall leafless elms in contest rock,
Or bend in rage to each succeeding shock.

No more the feather'd songsters tune their lay
To usher in the glorious orb of day,—
No more sweet Philomela time beguiles,
But seeks a warmer clime in distant isles.
Nature, oppress'd, now wears the garb of woe,
And kindred horrors bid her sorrows flow;
No more the eye o'er vernal beauties rove,
But desolation reigns throughout the grove.

But hold my muse,—reverse the scene, and show
That beauties e'en from this disorder flow:
Teach the frail mortal, that o'er every soil
A virtuous man beholds the hand of God.
'Tis not the glowing warmth of Summer skies,
Nor Spring's young blossoms in their varied guise,
Nor all the pleasures mortals can invent,
That satisfies the bosom,—'tis Content!

The sky-top'd hills in splendid mantles shine,
And seem with heaven's high concave to entwine;
The hidden mead in spotless white appears,
Whilst every tree is wreath'd in glittering tears;
The brake with shining darts in order range,
The tender blades to polish'd lancets change,
Each pendant bears a sparkling chrystal load,
And beauty revels through their wild abode.

The wily sportsman lightly treads the ground,
With fawning spaniel, or the well tried hound;
Now hurls the hidden thunder through the air,
Now through the forest drives the timid deer.
The village children from the neighbouring school
Rush out tumultuous to the ice-bound pool,
Then launching fearless from the bank they glide,
In mimic rivalry, across the slide.

The shepherd, watchful of his fleecy fold,
Securely pens them from the piercing cold,
In some dry shelter leads his past'ral care,
'Till southern breezes warm th' inclement air.—
Thus Seasons change on Time's tempestuous wing,
From frowning Winter to the breeze of Spring,
From Summer's heat to Autumn's fervid plain,
Then back to chilling Winter's frosts again.

Amidst these changes who can doubt the power
Of HIM who makes the howling tempest lower,
Supports stupendous Nature's mighty frame,
And makes Creation tremble at his name,
Who leads great Ocean in his proud career,
Whose frown the Elements observe with fear,
Who guides the shaft of Death, calls Time his own,
And twines Eternity around his throne.

Wells. O. P. Q.

We feel obliged by the offer of our friend at Lyme, and shall be happy to recent the articles he mentions as early as convenient.